

A Two-Fer

Good news all around! Dad will be home soon (within a few weeks).

Wednesday, the therapist had Dad come to the house for about a half hour to see how he did in old surroundings. While still under guidance, he walked through the main floor... though the front door; to the bedroom, the bathroom, and the kitchen. He sat on his recliner and the couch. Laid on the bed and got into his dresser drawers and closet. Sat on the loo and stepped into and out of the shower. He then sat at the kitchen table and got into the cupboards. All in all, what you and I would consider menial tasks yet important to have him do in order to see where is at in his progress. Before leaving, the therapist stressed the importance of motivation and activity once he is released or he will be right back out.

Today, the siblings and I met to discuss ways in which we all could make life easier for the two of them once he does come home. Thankfully, we collaboratively came up with a plan even determining our holiday gathering schedule. Tonight at dinner, I was amazed to learn that Dad is prepared to once again go to the school ball games. Until last spring, he and Mom went all over as she drives the bus and keeps the book for volleyball, boys AND girls basketball, and softball. Last spring, he fell off the bank wagon and had no interest at all in attending. His desire to go shows (I believe) that he is indeed ready and willing to return to his old routine.

In other news, I have been offered and accepted the coveted role of Mr. Sawyer in *Miracle on 34th Street*. This afternoon, the full cast and director Mare met to watch the glorious 1947 classic... even if it is only the last day of September. Throughout the movie, several cast members asked if I would

be portraying Kris Kringle, himself. While playing Santa would be a fun opportunity, I think the villainous psychologist will make for an even more fun challenge.

Searching the archives, I noticed that the last performance I was in with a theatre company was October 17, 2010 as Barrymore in *Hound of the Baskervilles*. Last weekend's adventure was something else entirely. However, while watching the movie I see ALOT of opportunity for a memorable character to develop. Time to grab the erasable highlighter that I received in October 2009 after a performance of *You Have the Right to Remain Dead*.

great and beautiful marvelous things are happening!

Walk ON

This weekend was quite the adventure. Friday night, My oldest niece and I headed out for an area campsite for a weekend event that promised to be a fun-filled, faith-expanding, challenging time. As this was the first of what is sure to be an annual event, the numbers might not have been overwhelming but a great deal more than the 0 that had signed up only a week ago. I will let my fellow [tangenteer](#) go into greater detail (time permitting... which seems to be little) about the fabulous time since it was a joint venture began by L & C. I will post some personal thoughts. I will say that I was extraordinarily proud of all of the efforts put forth by our esteemed President, the mentors, the hideous game makers (one of whom scared the Woolly Sheep out of Shelby), and most importantly, the young adults who braved the cool, damp beginning of Autumn.

As for my part, on Wednesday I was was asked to develop yet

another crazy, over-the-top character to serve as game announcer. No problem there, right? The only thing I was given was a name "Leviticus Onineosix". We'll stick with Leviticus. But I think our president/co-event creator knows me a little too well. I hope my character was OTT enough. Most of the kids did ask if I was really insane. Trust me, the script called for "crazy, over the top." For some reason, a prop cigar added much to the mystique. I wonder what impact the rainbow clown wig would have added (apart from getting wet and ruined).

Night one saw the tributes sorted into districts followed shortly by the beginning of the activities. The individual districts with the assistance of their mentor had a series of tasks to complete based upon provided scriptures. Unfortunately, Leviticus had to leave for the night as his portrayer had to work the next morning. Before leaving, I was asked to assure Shelby that the EEEEvil Game Maker was only a character and was not going to hurt her. Luther took off his mask and introduced himself to her (aside from the rest of the participants).

Day two (or after 2PM) was a lot of fun. One of the highlights, for me, was the talent show around the bonfire. It was so neat seeing EVERYONE at least tell those gathered what they were good at (if not demonstrate). Throughout the day, many of the tributes asked me to sing?! How did they know what one of my favorite things to do would be? I did not tell them. So I told them... during the talent show. So... what to sing that would be appropriate... one of my favorite songs that I have never practiced nor performed.. "You'll Never Walk Alone." Later that evening, after the groups made their way back to their individual areas, I was asked to sing again. WOW!

Sunday morning after eating breakfast (I stayed overnight and slept in the car), Shelby and I had to leave before everything was wrapped up. As I was congratulating the group of young

ladies and gentlemen, I was asked to give an encore. I know that false modesty is frowned upon but I was absolutely humbled to think that a crowd of 12-17 year olds would want to hear me sing and ask it? I have never, EVER appreciated the fact that my voice is an **ABSOLUTELY GOD-GIVEN TALENT** (with some assistance by some pretty remarkable people) until this weekend. I have always known it as such but to put it on display in the quiet atmosphere was awesome!

Another personal highlight was Shelby, herself. I hope she is as proud of herself as I was watching her develop her own faith further. I was told that she had earned her district some treasure Friday night. Not only that but she was awarded a special prize for being "The Most Mature" tribute. WAY TO GO, KIDDO! I was actually very impressed with all of the effort put forth. There were some stumbles along the way, but they all performed well in their quest to become closer to God.

Sunday afternoon was also my own church's annual festival. The family was going to eat around 1 so Shelby and I had to leave early so we could each shower and put some dry clothes on. I also took my yearly turn in the kitchen helping clean and put away dishes. This was a little more hectic as there have been new refrigerators in place, causing some of the dishes to be relocated. I also sat and played BINGO with Alex (help us all... hopefully, he will be able to participate in next year's Famine Games). Hopefully, Elizabeth will be able to join next year as well. Apparently, he did not know about the corner cluster win in the game. If I had not caught it, my nephew would not have won his \$5.00 reward. I did get a free game out of the deal.

Once again, congratulations to everyone who participated in the Famine Games. And... "May God Be Ever In Your Favor."



Not Even Thinking About It Yet

I know that it is only a bit over three months away but it will be here before we know it. I already have a standing invitation to help my new neighbors around the block prepare for their Christmas spectacular which they did annually while living in the Carolinas. Plus, auditions for Miracle on 34th Street (in lieu of the postponed Sound of Music) are next week, Yesterday, I was informed that Wally World has already started hauling out the holly not to mention the return of layaway. I remember when there was lawawat (I can't even spell it correctly) year-round.

Yesterday at my voice lesson, I saw a stack of Yuletide books underneath K's keyboard, Tis the season, already? Not to worry, I have a few weeks to decide on a few to work up as "I learn faster than most of the other students." Any suggestions? I have always wanted to put a nice "Ave Maria" in my rep AND this would fulfill a request for a foreign language selection.

Another remark from the neighbors (TK is an E-Town native) is the absence of things that were a part of our small town about 20-25 years ago... no more bakery, the town goes to bed with the sun, the second grocery no longer exists. I told her that Halloween consists of one hour Trick or Treat and a parade to the fire hall for a costume judging. Black Friday is another parade with Santa being driven on his Fire engine sleigh to the fire hall and then he returns to the North Pole

after only one night of listening to the wishes of the little ones. And what happened to the carolers who would go door-to-door. She just shook her head when I told her that Scouts (Boy and Girl both) haven't done it for years. Kind of sad.

I guess I have been thinking about the holidays (in a way) for a few months while I have been receiving FB posts of holiday lights set to sounds of the season and photos of A Christmas Story scenes (which will be making its Broadway musical debut soon.... eh... I'm sure it will be successful but, really?!)

How Much Of A Party Can We Take?

Last night, I accompanied my mom as she drove the bus to the band show at the county fair. I essentially took Dad's place but have not gone to the show for a number of years (if memory serves, the last time I went, it ended up being cancelled because of rain ;)) We arrived and went along the grounds to get a ribeye sandwich, kettle fries, and the essential chocolate shake.

There were seven bands in all. They each gave fine performances; however, a few things made me shake my head. It seemed to me that at least three of the schools had changed their "Fight Song" to the one made popular by **THE** preeminent university of the state... home of **The Best Damn Band In The Land**. Also, a certain Party Rock Anthem (made famous last year by the group whose acronym will not be reprinted on this blog) was played by no less than four bands! Honestly, the song may be contagious but really... I believe that I was turning green by the third rendition (and **NOT** from envy). I asked the director of my alma mater's band when she was going to introduce the piece in their show. Thankfully, my band did a Bon Jovi tribute show. The event ended nicely with three of the bands joining for a final number.

During the show, we received a phone call informing us that Dad's blood pressure had once again bottomed out and was being transported to the hospital. Mom and I finally were able to make it there around 9:30. Around 11, we were informed that he was once again dehydrated and had developed a urinary tract infection but after he had been treated was going to be taken back to the nursing home where he better start drinking up.

He's ready to come home (as anyone would be) but he has to learn to take care of himself or it will be that much harder and longer ☐

Promises, promises

Sigh. Never promise a post. It has been nearly a month since returning from camp, and still no post on camp itself. I guess I just don't feel like writing. I have wondered if I could make some extra cash by writing a book and selling it on Amazon in ebook form. Well, here is my answer- if I don't feel like writing a short blog post I certainly will never feel like writing a much longer work.

At the moment I am unsure what to write about camp. I can start with a summary and see where to go from there. I really didn't enjoy camp as much this year as prior years, but it was still the highlight of my summer. So what happened? Well, I will try to figure that out as I write. I do know that it was a day shorter than prior years. We were also rained out for a portion- all activities cancelled or moved indoors. I had a smaller cabin than ever before, but that should be a plus, right? ☐ Another change was- there was so much missing from prior years. Gone for the first time ever was an activity called counselor hunt where all the leaders hid around camp and the kids had to find us, trying to avoid being tagged themselves by a select few who were hunting *them.* Gone were the cabin video walkthroughs and awards for clean cabins. And of course some activities had to be cut because of the shortened camp week. One of those things I was really looking forward to- the talent show. Not enough slots for all the cabins since we were short a day. All in all, it just wasn't the same.

Well, this has been a negative post so far. How about what was fun about it? Well, I had a really good cabin. I didn't really know any of my five kids beforehand. I did remember having one of them in my weekend small group, but that's it. One was the brother of a 5th-grader I had last year (now 6th grade) who, like his brother, I have not seen since in the weekend ministry. One turned out to be the nephew of my small group leader though I didn't know it at the time, not until he asked if I saw his nephew at camp. Yes, yes I think I did see him...

My junior leader was a freshman in high school- one of the youngest I have had. I think one other was his age. Get this though- his younger brother was also a leader, in a cabin with 5th-graders (my five were all 4th grade), just two years younger than him. I think the church has loosened the age rule a bit on junior leaders- just a couple years ago the rule was 11th grade, with the occasional special dispensation. This 7th grade leader was actually in my cabin in both 4th and 5th grade, as was another leader who I think may just meet that old 11th grade rule. Shows how long I have been doing this... While my junior leader this year was never in my cabin, he was a regular in my weekend small group when he was in 5th grade.

Well, I am officially tired of writing this post right now. I could just save it to drafts and finish it later, but I had better just hit publish so at least you have something to read for now. Coming soon- the return of Zorb, canoeing fun, and more. Until then!

Running Around + The Sound Delayed But A Miracle Is Due

Well... it has been an interesting few weeks going back and forth to the hospital and finally getting Dad settled at the home here in town. Amazingly, he seemed to be acceptable to the idea so that with work on his part and lots of love and prayers from everyone else, he hopefully will be able to come home one day. We will take it as it comes and put everything into His hands. Really worried about both of them but I'm sure that everything will work out for the best.

Dad started his daily routine of 2 hours of Physical Therapy on Monday morning. This was a day earlier than expected with Monday being Labor Day; however, when Mom and I went out they were getting him ready to go. He does seem to be getting stronger physically. By Wednesday, he was sitting in a wheelchair and walking better (still with assistance from the nurses to get to the restroom). I am sure that this will be a long recovery for him but he wants to come home so he needs to put the work in! It wears him out but that is good for him.

Upcomin events... *The Sound of Music* has been pushed back to the 2013 season. In its place... *Miracle on 34th Street* another show I would love to be part of. I missed out on being in a production of it a few years ago when I played "a warped, frustrated old man." But, the show has a cast of tens or twenties so my chances of getting any role should be pretty good (even if it is a drunk Santa). Auditions are in a few short weeks so... let the fun recommence!

Just need to focus some good thoughts and prayers to my family, as well! And as always... thanks to my amazing friends and extended family out there for the prayers, fb chats, and impromptu fun times!